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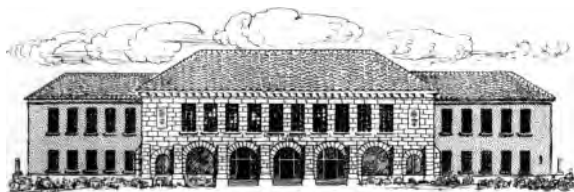
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SOME OF OUR  
FLOWER FRIENDS

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BY ANNIE CHASE

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## TO TEACHERS.

This little book was designed to follow the use of "Buds, Stems and Roots." The object of the stories is not only to teach the names and habits of the common flowers and weeds, but to train the child's emotional, imaginative and religious nature.

Walks and flowers should accompany every lesson. Hoping the little work will meet some need of both child and teacher, I remain,

Very truly yours,

THE AUTHOR.



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## SOME OF OUR FLOWER FRIENDS.

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### **LEAVES AND BLOSSOMS.**

Leaves are made up of little cells.

The woody cells make the ribs or stiff part of the leaf.

The soft cells are packed

around the woody parts more closely than you pack your box when you go to Grandma's for a visit.

The whole leaf is covered by a thin skin to keep the little cells from getting out of their places.

The cells are filled with food and water.

These cells are all the time throwing off the water into the air.

See that leaf on Carrie's

desk. "It is wilted," you say.

Yes: the little cells have thrown off all the moisture there was in them.

Now they lie flat and helpless, because the poor stem has no more water to send them.

Carrie, do put the poor leaf in some water.

"Oh!" says the little leaf, when it is in the tumbler of water, "I am so glad."

The stem drinks and drinks, and sends along the water from cell to cell.

Now the cells are all full, and, see!

The leaf is as bright and beautiful as ever.

If Carrie leaves it in the tumbler long enough, it will drink up all the water and throw it off into the air.

Do look at the skin of the leaf once more.

Do you see those tiny holes?

They look as though they were made with a fairy's needle, so small are they.

Those holes, or pores, take air into the leaves for the plant.

Would you believe it?

The leaves are the lungs of the plant. -

The flower buds and flower are made up of cells, too.

You can tell a flower bud as soon as you see it, I know.



Did you notice the elm boughs?

The leaf buds looked thin and sober.

The flower buds looked plump and round and jolly.





You know, without my telling you, that there are ever so many kinds of leaves.

Every leaf has a foot-stalk, or stem, of its own.

Every leaf has a mid-rib of its own.

Can you find the mid-rib  
of the leaf you have?



Can you find leaves  
shaped like these.

And the flowers?

Did you ever see two  
flowers shaped exactly  
alike?

Though all flowers are not alike, their parts have names alike.

The pretty, bright part of the flower, made up of colored cells, is the corolla.

The green cup which holds it is the calyx, and those little stem-like bodies in the center are stamens and pistils.

If you cannot remember these long names, you may

call the corolla the crown of the flower.

Doesn't the dandelion wear a rich crown?

You may call the calyx the crown-holder, because it holds the crown in place.

You may call the stamens and pistils the little family which lives in the crown and helps to form the seeds.

And now that we have found out how nicely all

the plants are doing their work, let us come out among the hills and into the woods.

We shall find ever so many of our little friends, all working away with buds, stems, roots, leaves and flowers as hard as you work in school.

They are in a great school where the rain and sun, the soil and the air,—all teach them.

And they never disobey.

Not they; they know  
better.

That is why they all look  
so happy, and why they  
grow so fast.



### **PUSSIES.**

All the snow is melted,  
save a little along the shady  
side of the stone wall.

Spring is breathing her  
first breath.

She has touched these  
alder boughs.

See, she has called out the  
little gray pussies again.

Here they are, all over  
these branches.



Soon these pussies will lose their fur and plumpness, and grow long and slender.



They will hang down in long tassels, and every breeze will play with them.

They are alders, not willows.

The willows' pussies are more afraid of the cold, and are not yet out.

They will soon be here, and how sweetly they will scent the air!



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### **THE SNOWDROP.**

See that flower beside the  
snowdrift.

It is a Snowdrop.

How can you bloom, little  
flower, while the winds are

so rude, and while the snow  
is on the hillside?

You are very brave.

You do not look brave nor  
strong.

Your head droops, and  
your leaves are very slender.

Is that patch of ice your  
mirror?

Do you love the old brown  
earth?

You nestle closely to it.

Come with me into the  
house.

I will keep you warm.

I will find out who are  
your cousins and aunts and  
uncles.





### **A STORY.**

Snowdrop was once invited to a family party.

The wind brought the note and dropped it at Snowdrop's door one morning.

It was written on a leaf.

All Snowdrop's aunts and uncles and cousins were to be at the party.



There was to be a dance, and the "Canary Bird Band" was to make the music.

Snowdrop put on her dainty, white dress, with head-dress of palest green, and slippers to match.

Her over-dress was in three parts, draped so as to show a shorter under-dress of pale green.

She was ready at last, and trembling all over.

At the green-house she was glad to find her little cousin, Star-grass, close by the door.

Star-grass was dressed from head to foot in pale yellow.

There was Snowdrop's aunt, Tube Rose, in her beautiful white garments.

So sweet was her perfume that it scented all the room.

She looked like a queen, but she welcomed little

Snowdrop and Star-grass,  
and asked them to sit beside  
her.

There, too, was Amaryllis,  
nodding and smiling in  
his grand way, as much as  
to say:

“Just look at me!

“Am I not the most beautiful  
of all the company?”

But Snowdrop thought he  
had been drinking, his nose  
was so very red; and she felt  
very much ashamed of him.

Star-grass whispered to her that red was the color Amaryllis was most fond of



wearing, and that he painted his face to match his vest.

Snowdrop had a pleasant chat with Snowflake, her nearest and dearest cousin.

One canary blew a flute-like note, and all the others joined him.

Then the dance began.

How they all whirled about!

There was Lady Daffodil and Lady Jonquil, and a beautiful poet, called the Narcissus.

Would you have believed that little Snowdrop had so many grand relations?

By and by a bird sang a solo.

Then the poet read some  
lines of his own; and what  
do you think they were  
about?

They were about

**LITTLE SNOWDROP.**

I know why you droop  
    little Snowdrop,  
You are lonely there on the  
    hill;  
I know why you shiver and  
    tremble,  
There is ice in the valley  
    still.

You are God's little bell of  
the Springtime,

You are sounding His song  
from your heart;

Softly? Yes, but the grasses  
all hear you,

And the violets wake with  
a start.



### **THE BLOODROOT.**

Here is a sunny bank at the top of this hill.

The warm sun rays look as though they were smiling at something.

The naked oaks at the top of the hill look as though they, too, had a secret.



O ho! We have found out  
the secret.

Here are some flowers  
nestled down among the  
dead leaves.

They are beautiful, white  
blossoms with waxy petals  
and bright yellow centers,  
like tiny pond-lilies.

They are Bloodroot blossoms,  
you may know by the  
red juice in the stems.

A wise little lady is  
Bloodroot.

She comes up from the ground closely wrapped in a warm shawl made of her own green leaf.

She does not take off her shawl until she opens her eyes; even then she holds it loosely wrapped about her stem, for she is a very frail lady, although she braves the March weather.

She smiles from her stem for a day or two, then throws down her petals.

The green shawl is then unfolded and spread out into a beautiful leaf.





#### A FABLE.

Many, many years ago a little moth made a sorrowful cry.

She said: "I can live only so short a time, and I am so pretty.

"See my white wings, my pale green gems, and

my golden eyes,—they must soon fade and die. Ah me!”

Then the little moth sobbed and wept until a fairy came to see what was the matter.

“Are you willing to stay in the world many, many years?” said the fairy.

“You know the seasons are long and the winter winds are cruel.”

The moth thought a while, then said: “Yes, if I could

be of some use in the world;  
but of what use is a silly  
moth?

“Perhaps it is best I  
should die.”

“Do you really want to  
help the world?” said the  
fairy.

“Yes; but I am so small  
and weak,” said the moth.  
“what could I do?”

“You could do a great  
deal, but you would not be  
able to fly about.

“You would be chained to the earth year in and year out.”

“I have traveled about the world already, what could I do?” said the moth.

“What work do you choose?” said the fairy, waving her wand.

“Of all things.” said the moth, “I would like best to please and help the children, for one of them saved my life last summer when I

was caught fast in a closing flower.”

“Good!” said the fairy; “you shall help both old and young children.”

With that the little moth fell asleep and slept a long, long time.

When she awoke her white wings were petals, her yellow eyes were a golden heart, her gems were green leaves, her life-blood was the juice of a plant.



Men named her Blood-root.

Doctors came to her, gathered her stems and roots, and made medicine.

Better still, the children themselves came and gathered her blossoms with shouts of joy.

Her blood stained their hands a little, but they forgave her when they looked at her lovely crown.

“Why,” said a dandelion

to her one day, "why do you come out in such cold weather?"

"I can be of more use in the season I have chosen," said Bloodroot; but she shivered a little and drew her wraps closer:

Then the sun peeped out and kissed her softly, and said:

"Some day you shall live another and a still better life,—one of joy and beauty and helpfulness.



### **SPRING EVERLASTING.**

The Pussy's feet have  
come!

Then spring is really here;  
but where did you find  
them?

Here in the shelter of this  
gray rock.

Here they are, one, two

three,—so many we can not count them.

What meek little flowers they are!

What velvety leaves they have!

Do they wear the velvet to keep them warm?

Are you a queen in disguise, little flower, and do you laugh in your sleeve when stupid people say:

“Oh! those flowers are not beautiful.”

You are too lovely for  
them to see your charms, I  
think.

I saw you through a glass  
yesterday, and you looked a



real queen in your soft  
dress.

Are you listening to the  
secrets of the dark earth,

that you nestle so closely to  
it?

Do you expect the violets  
and bluets soon?

We hoped to find some to-  
day.





## **TRAILING ARBUTUS.**

(MAYFLOWER.)

“Going after Trailing Arbutus. What fun!”

We must take this path through the wood to the pastures.

Who would have thought it?

There are the pink-tipped flowers close by a hard snowdrift in this shaded grove.

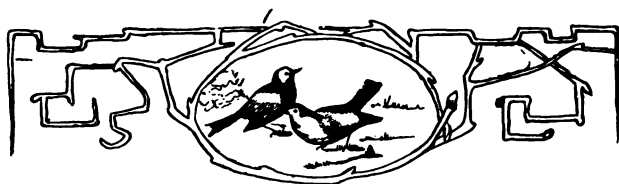


Why did they not grow in the open field where the Sun is doing his best to warm the earth?

We must take care to



pluck only your blossoms;  
if we pull up your roots  
there will be no Arbutus  
here next year.



**SUNG TO MAYFLOWER BY A BLUEBIRD.**

Shine on, little star,  
From your sky of moss.  
Shine on, little star,  
While the tree boughs toss  
With the noisy winds.

Shine on, little star,  
There is joy and gladness  
Where ever you are.  
Shine on, little star.

Some day, some day,  
When I find my mate,  
And we make our home  
By the farm-yard gate,  
I will borrow a star  
From your rosy crown,  
To deck her with  
When we go to town.  
Shine on, little star.

Some day, some day  
When our darlings come,  
I will bring them here  
To your forest home.  
I will teach them here  
In your shady dell  
The airs you always love so  
    well.  
Shine on, little star.



**BLUETS.**



LOSE      beside  
Spring Everlast-  
ing is another  
little flower.

It has four white petals.



It has a golden eye.

It has small light green leaves.

What a dainty, fairy-like flower!

Why do the petals turn blue at the tips?

Is it the cold do you think?

Millions of these bluets will star the roadsides, fields, and hills, when it is May.

When June comes, some of these bluets will linger

deep down in the tall  
grasses.

Nor will they be one bit  
cross if the bright daisies  
above their heads hide them.

Little bluet smiles when  
the grass is short, because  
then she can see and be  
seen.

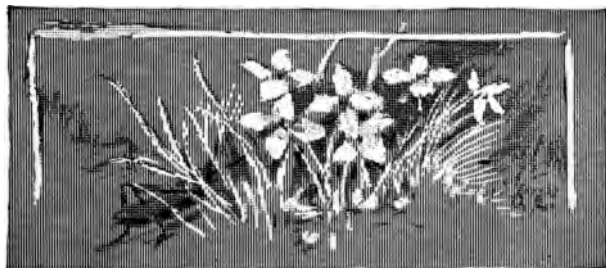
She smiles when the grass  
is taller, because she knows  
the grass is glad.

She smiles when it is very  
tall and nods its tassels

above her, because she knows the grass is proud and happy; and she says:

“Here I will fall asleep when my seeds have ripened.”

Sometimes, she lingers after the grass and daisies have been cut off, but she looks lonely then and sad.



### THE LITTLE BLUET.

“Little flower,” said a grasshopper one day, “why do you make yourself so common?”

“You spread your beauty out right under the children’s feet.”



Little Bluet drew herself up proudly and said:

“I love to bloom by the wayside where some showy blossoms dare not trust themselves.

“I love to bloom from dry knolls where most other flowers would die.

“I love the meadows: there I am at my best. I love to sit where the children can find me when they come from school.

“Do you wonder why?”

And Bluet bent her head  
close to the grasshopper and  
said:

“I love to do these things  
because God asks them of  
me.”





### THE DANDELION.

Hurrah!

Last night the lawn was  
green, all green.

Now it is dotted with  
sunny yellow flowers.

So you are really here,  
Dandelion, with all your  
*ruffles and frills.*

How funny your buds  
are!

They look like tiny fists.

Are those little fists fight-  
ing the cold, I wonder, or  
are they only doubled up  
with joy like Baby's?

I love you now, Dande-  
lion, and I love you when  
you grow old and gray, and  
I can blow your seeds about.

How do you cut and  
notch your leaves so pret-  
tily?

Do you plan everything  
down under the soil, or a  
little at a time as you come  
up?

I hope I do not hurt you  
when I make curls and  
whistles of your stems.

I wish you could talk.

I hear that the daisies are  
your cousins.

---

Who is rich?  
'Tis Dandelion,  
Rich as any Jew;



Who is dainty?  
Dandelion,  
Sipping morning  
dew.

Who has pa-  
tience?

Dandelion never  
wears a frown.

Who has glory?

Dandelion;

See her golden crown.



**MARSH MARIGOLD.**

(COWSLIPS.)

See the brown hills.

There is a hint of green  
upon them.

The row of maples near  
the meadow is red as blood.

What flower is that be-  
side the pool?

Let us run down the hill  
and find out what the  
flowers are.

One—two—three—

Here we are!

What sunshiny flowers!

They have five bright,  
yellow sepals, but no petals.

What pretty rounded  
green leaves, and such  
chubby buds!

Here are hundreds grow-  
ing close together.





### **A GREEK FABLE.**

A boy, whose name was Clymenon, once lived in Sicily.

Clymenon fell in love with the sun.

When night came, and the sun was no more to be seen, Clymenon cried himself to sleep.

He was awake and watch-

ing for her long before she came up where he could see her.

When the clouds blushed at her coming, Clymenon blushed, too, and fell on his knees with joy.

When she came up smiling, Clymenon would shout and leap and throw kisses to her.

So much in love was he that he would not sit in the shade a moment.

One day a terrible thing happened; the clouds hid the sun all day long.

Clymenon drooped and turned very pale.

Next day there was no sun.

He drooped still more.

Another day came.

Still no sun.

“Oh! what have I done?  
What shall I do?” cried  
Clymenon.

He looked in a little pool.

“Oh, little pool,” he said,  
“can you not show me one  
bright ray from the sun’s  
dear face?”

But the little pool frowned  
darkly at him.

Clymenon flung himself  
down by the pool and wept  
till he was so weak he could  
not move.

“Oh, Earth,” he sobbed;  
“you have lost all beauty  
in my eyes.”

And Clymenon wept

until he died of grief and tears.

When at last the sun



came out, she saw her dear friend lying dead by the little pool.

SOME OF OUR FLOWER FRIENDS.

She wept for him and  
kissed his lips and hands.

Then she did a strange  
thing:

She turned his body into  
a beaming yellow flower.

It was a Marsh Marigold.





**DOGTOOTH VIOLET.**

Here is a lily-like  
nodding flower.

It is yellow with dull red  
dots.

The two broad leaves are  
spotted.

The flower's name is Dog-  
tooth Violet, but it does not  
*look like a violet.*

It does not belong to the violet family.

Its nearest relatives are the lilies.

But its pistil is not cut into three parts like that of the lily.

This flower looks somewhat like a tulip.

At night the Dogtooth Violet shuts its eyes and falls asleep.

As the day grows, she opens her eyes more and more.



She makes her home in  
the damp, dark woods.

What cheerful little bells  
they are!

Do they ring for the wed-  
dings of the fairies?





**ANEMONES.**

Here are some  
white, drooping  
flowers in this shaded dell.

They are Anemones.

They have five sepals, not  
petals.

The sepals are white and  
look just like petals.

Here and there, on the

sepals, is a dash of pink like the blush the apple blossoms wear.

The Anemones have very slender stems.

They nod so gracefully in the wind that they are often called "Wind Flowers."

The blossoms half close their eyes, and droop their heads, as though they were sleepy.

That is because the day is clouded.

When the sun shines  
warm and bright they open  
their eyes wide.



Here are the **Star** Flowers  
close beside the Anemones.

**THE ANEMONE'S SONG.**

I am waving, waving, wav-  
ing

In the wind, and saving,  
saving

Every joy the breezes bring  
me,

Every note the wild birds  
sing.

I am dreaming, dreaming,  
dreaming

Of the earth with secrets  
teeming,

Of the roguish sunbeams  
skipping,

Flitting in their pretty  
ways;

Of the water courses spark-  
ling

In the dell, with shadows  
darkling.

I am dreaming, dreaming,  
dreaming,

Of a grander life of praise.



**SPRING BEAUTY.**

Here is the dainty Spring Beauty.

The flower stems rise up and spread outward from between two grass-like leaves.

The flower is pink, with veins of deeper pink, as though some fairy had worked every petal.

Sometimes the flower is white, with pink veinings.

Dear little flower! It is no sooner picked than it droops its head and closes its eye.

But put it in a glass of water and set it near the sun.

See, it is slyly lifting its shy head again.

Who would ever believe this flower to be a kind of posy?

Here is another little

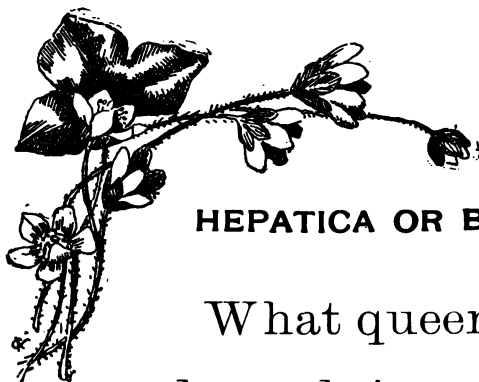


plant which we found nestled down by the rocks in the pasture. It is Saxifrage.



Every little flower looks like a rosette.

Do the fairies wear them on their slippers?



**HEPATICA OR BELLWORT.**

What queen is this,  
dressed in pale pur-  
ple?

She is a shy queen.

She hides herself in  
mossy nooks.

What is she dreaming  
about that her head droops  
so?

She has thick, glossy  
leaves.

See how furry her stems  
are,

Is the fur to keep off cold,  
little Queen?

We know you now.

You are Hepatica.

You are cousin to the  
Crowfoot and Columbine,  
the Goldthread and Marsh  
Marigold; to the Anemone,  
and even to the Larkspur  
and the red Peony in Grand-  
ma's garden.

I know you are cousins

because your parts are alike,  
though they do not look  
alike.



I could easily guess that  
Columbine and Larkspur  
were cousins; couldn't you  
little Queen?

I should never have guessed you and Columbine to be relations.



Here is another shy, drooping flower.

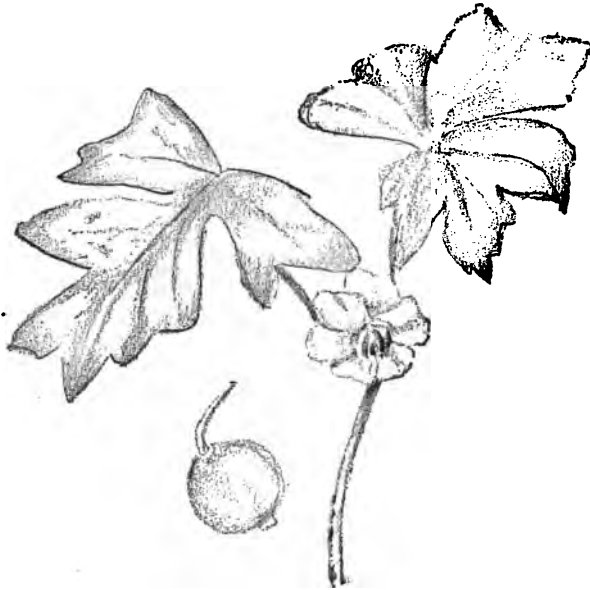
It is called Bellwort.

See how it hides with the  
Anemones in the shadow of  
these trees on the border of  
the swamp.



## THE MAY APPLE.

“The umbrellas are out!  
the umbrellas are out!”



*Nellie* has found the great

umbrella-like leaves of the May Apple.

The flower is pretty, but how it is hidden.

Just like a shy little girl, she holds her umbrella close over her head, so that passers-by can not see her.

In July there will be a large berry where the flower now is.



### **VIOLETS.**

Here are the Violets  
among the Bluets.

These are the tiny arrow-  
leaved Violets with short  
stems.

They almost always grow  
in open fields.

Later, we shall find the  
long-stemmed Purple Violet  
in the wood and meadow,

where there is damp, rich soil.



PURPLE VIOLETS.

Many of these Purple Violets bloom in the pastures and fields, but they look their best where they can have plenty of spring water to drink.

If we go down to Buzzard's Bay or Nantucket we shall find more Violets.

They are large and beautiful.

Their leaves are different.

They are cut up into long,  
narrow lobes.



BIRD'S-FOOT VIOLETS.

They have a little touch  
of orange yellow in the  
center.

We can gather a handful  
*in a few moments.*

What beauties! But see, they droop almost as soon as we pluck them.

They are Bird's-Foot Violets.



Down here in the moss of the woods is the Sweet White Violet, a fragrant, tiny flower, with such a slender pink stem.

And here, on the edge of  
the wood where the sun-  
light and shadow are mixed,



DOWNY YELLOW VIOLETS.

are the Downy Yellow  
Violets.

See how high they hold  
their little heads!—nearly

eight inches above the ground.

They are paler than Dandelion, but of a rich yellow color.

They are veined with purple.





**WINTERGREEN.**

Here they are—the spicy young leaves of the Checkerberry.

Here are the old plants, with their dark green, glossy leaves and red berries. See the reddish green leaves of the young plants.

We will gather a bunch of the tender young plants to eat.

These “youngsters,” as we sometimes call them, will not bloom until June or July.

The red berries often hang on the old plants until the new blossoms come.



## PYROLA.



Beside this rock,  
and sheltered by  
the brush, is the  
Pyrola.

Pyrola is  
a kind of  
wintergreen.

You can find  
its shiny leaves,  
looking quite  
green, in the winter woods.

Pyrola will blossom in  
May or June.





JUNE.

Come out with  
the daisies,  
Come out with the clover,  
For June is here, telling  
Her sweet tales over.



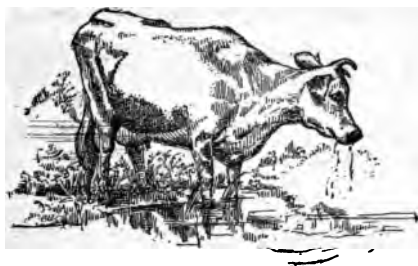
**A GOLDEN HEART.**

“I’ve a golden heart,”  
Sings the Daisy Queen,  
Nodding to us from her bed  
of green.

It came to me when I said  
my prayers  
One night, while the birdies  
sang to the stars.

“I’ve a golden heart,” sings  
Daisy.





### **A WALK IN THE OPEN FIELD.**

No, old Brindle, we will not hurt you, nor drive you from your clover dinner.

Here are daisies, butter-cups, and red and white and yellow clovers.

You know them all.

Here are the dandelions, grown old and gray headed.

See how tall and proud the grasses are!

That tasseled part is the crown of this grass.



RED TOP.

This is the Timothy grass.

That fine red grass is the  
*Red Top*.

May has picked a stalk  
of a kind of grass we call  
Hungarian.



TIMOTHY.

But here is a kind of grass,  
with a real colored crown,  
like those other plants wear.  
It is the Blue-eyed grass.



Blue-eyes loves the  
sun.

If the sun hides  
himself, Blue-eyes  
goes to sleep until he  
comes out again.

Let us sit down  
here by the wall and  
read a little fable about  
Blue-eyes.



### A FABLE.

Blue-eyes was once a simple blade of grass, with no crown to wear.

“I wish,” she sighed, “that I could have a flower to wear on the top of my stem, as the daisies do.”

“Please help me! Hold me up!” cried a wounded cricket.

“Certainly,” said little Blue-eyes.

And she stooped and lifted him, and held him in the sun until he felt quite well.

“How does the sun look?” said little Blue-eyes when Cricket felt able to talk.

Cricket told her as well as he could, sang her a song to thank her, and hopped into a cool spot as fast as he could, for the sun was growing very warm.

No wonder the sun *seemed* warm.

He was smiling his very best smile at little Blue-eyes.

At last he bent very low and kissed her tiny blades.

The next morning, what do you think happened?

Little Blue-eyes wore a crown at the end of one of her blades; a blue crown, with a bit of gold in the center.

She has worn it ever since; and because she wears the crown she can see the sun.

Blue-eyes smiles at the sun, and the sun smiles at her.

When the sun hides, little Blue-eyes folds her crown away sadly and says softly, "What is the use of my crown when the sun cannot see me?"

# The Clovers.



A wind swept over a field  
of clover;

And the blossoms all heard  
what he said.

Some turned pale with  
fright,

Some red with delight,

But one wore a gold crown  
on her head.





**SOLOMON'S SEAL.**

Here, by the wood-land  
road, is the Solomon's Seal.

In September it will bear  
blue berries.

Here is another flower  
called False Solomon's Seal.

Why do they call you  
false, little flower?

Here, where the pine trees  
sigh and make a soft shade,



FALSE SOLOMON'S SEAL.

are some little spikes of  
white flowers.

How sweetly they smell!



These flowers, too, are called false Solomon's Seal.

What pretty leaves they have!



Here, close beside them, are the partridge berries.

Hark! how the trees sigh over our heads!

There is a thrush singing in that clump of bushes.

See how tender these oak leaves are.



WILD TULIP.

“Oh!” cries Susie. “See what I have found!”

“A great, pink, 'nodding  
flower!

“It is a Wild Tulip.”



It grew here where these  
boughs made a thick shade  
and kept the soil very  
moist.

It has leaves something

like the leaves of the Lily  
of the Valley.

Here is a swampy spot.  
See the Ferns.



That great plant, with the  
broad leaves, close to the  
ground, is Skunk Cabbage.

I know Tommy sees some

treasure, by the way he  
plunges into the swamp.



It is a Jack in the Pulpit.  
How happy Jack looks  
*in his new striped suit!*

Why did he hide under his wide-spreading leaves?

“Stand right up here, Mr. Jack, and tell us if you really do preach.”

“I do my best every day,” says Jack. “That is better than too much talking.”

Not another word will he say.

Take good care of Jack, won't you, Tommy? He needs a great deal of water to drink.

Here is a rude bridge  
across the brook.



We will cross it, for there  
is a tall Iris on the other  
side.

We can not reach it with-  
out wetting our feet.

Well, then, we must leave  
it in its pretty home.

It will be very much  
happier there.



IRIS.



RAGWORT.

There is a dot of yellow  
in the high grass  
That is the Ragwort.



Hurrah!

Here are the pitcher  
plants, with their funny



blossoms, nestled in the soft,  
meadowy soil.

Nestled closely around this

old stump are ever so many white flowers.

How set you are, little flower! You have just four



parts to your crown, and around it there are placed just six beautiful green leaves.

Carrie knows the little flower's name.

It is a Bunch-berry blossom.



The little family in the middle of the crown will work real hard all summer.

When they have their work all done there will

be a bunch of bright red berries just where the crown is now.

What is that on the shady bank?

Let us go over there.

It looks as though a lovely purple cloud had dropped down and rested upon the grass.

Tommy is there first, and knows the flower's name; for the purple mist is a flower and not a cloud.

It is the Wild Geranium.

“Why,” says Katie, “it doesn’t look like my geraniums at home.”

“Not in the least, does it Katie?”

It is so slender and pale and tender, we must take good care of it, or we cannot keep it alive until we get home.

There is a pretty legend about this geranium.

It was once a common

mallow, a plant with none of this grace and pale beauty.

One day Mahomet washed some of his garments and spread them out upon the mallows to dry.

When he took them up, lo! the mallows were these beautiful, tall, pale blossoms.





### THE CRANESBILL.

Airy fairy blossoms,  
Tilting in the grove,  
Where the breeze is softened  
To mild airs you love.

Dainty little wood-nymphs,  
Wearing colors rare,  
Did the bright clouds loan  
to you  
The pretty gowns you  
wear?





# ARETHUSA.

There is another shout  
from the meadow.

Charlie has found  
the Arethusa.

What a pretty  
pink dress Arethu-  
sa wears!

Why does she ruf-  
fle her little apron  
so much?

She keeps her feet wet  
too.

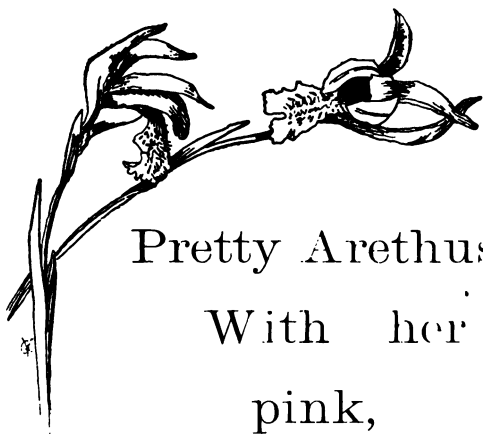


You never find her on  
dry knolls or sunny pas-  
tures.

She likes the cool and  
damp of the meadow best.

Arethusa is one of the  
orchids.





Pretty Arethusa,  
With her bonnet  
pink,  
Watching in the meadow,  
For whom do you think?  
Just for that gay dandy,  
Called the Bumble Bee;  
He has no thought of com-  
ing,  
Foolish — isn't she?



**SOME TINY FRIENDS OF OURS.**



May has spied  
a tiny white flower.

It has such a  
habit of leaning  
over in the grass.

We came very  
near not finding it.

It has little leaves sitting  
opposite on the stem.

See how furry and soft  
the leaves and stem are.

Perhaps that is why it is called Mouse-ear Chickweed.



The common Chickweed grows in the deep shade under that tree.

Dick, the canary, is so fond of it, let us take some home to him.

Doesn't Nellie know that plant, with the sour leaves *and* fine red blossoms?

It is common Sorrel.

Wood Sorrel is not at all like it, except in the taste of the leaves.



WOOD SORREL.

See, it looks like Mamma's Oxalis.

It is a cousin to the Oxalis.

It has the same pretty

habit of going to sleep at night.



Tommy has eyes so sharp that he has found a Shepherd's Purse.

See what pretty flat seed-pods every flower has left behind.

Little flower,  
are you never  
sorry you are so small?

Little flower does not

answer except by a nod; but  
I think she is content.

Here are some tiny blue



CINQUEFOIL.



LOBELIA.

flowers growing beside the  
Shepherd's Purse.

It is Spiked Lobelia.



Close beside it is the pretty  
Cinquefoil.

Nancy has found a little  
furry plant.



SELF HEAL.



SAND SPURRY.

It has opposite notched  
leaves and purple blossoms.

It is Self Heal.

That tiny purple flower

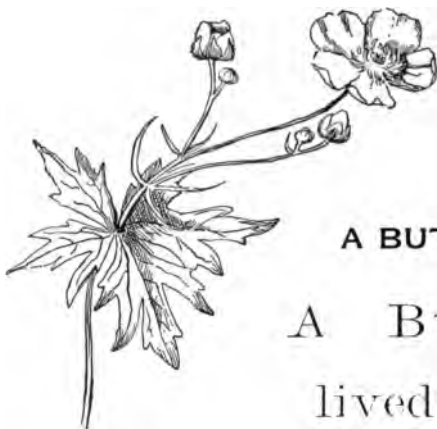
which Nellie found by the door is Sand Spurry.

Is this an Aster among the daisies?



It is Robin's Plantain.

Does it not look like an aster, blooming too soon?



**A BUTTERCUP.**

A Buttercup  
lived in clover;  
She wore a hat yellow all  
over,  
And a green velvet gown,  
The richest in town,—  
The town of daisies and  
clover.


She saw a moth fly  
over



The town of daisies and  
clover.

“Oh, ho!” said she,  
“A moth I must be,  
And fly like that bright  
jolly rover.”

She spread out her yellow,  
Just like the gay fellow:  
The breeze took her over the  
meadow.

One petal flew this way, 

One petal flew that.



And this was the end of the  
    maid and her hat,  
And daisy's sweet face wears  
    a shadow.





### **A BRAVE SEED.**

A little seed once sank  
down, down to the bottom  
of a lake.

It was slimy and cold  
down there.

Fishes with great eyes  
swam right over the seed.

Queer worms and water-  
beetles darted around her.

The sun tried to creep down and warm the seed; but the water was deep, and the trees along the shore threw long shadows.

The little seed did not find fault.

She hid herself under the mud and fell to work.

She sent down roots and sent a stem upward.

“I shall bloom some day,” said the seed.

“Bloom, indeed!” said an

ugly water spider. "You bloom — Pooh! pooh!" and the spider laughed so he made little circles around him in the water.

"Why," said the spider, "you are under water. Who could see you if you should bloom?"

"I can rise to the top of the water," said the seed.

"I guess it will take you some time," said the ugly spider; and he darted up



himself, just to show the poor little seed how smart he was.

But the little seed worked and worked until she became a plant.



She sent up long root stalks, or stems, and laid great flat leaves on the surface of the water.

The water spider sat and sunned himself upon one of the leaves.

“But,” said he, “where are your blossoms?”

At that, a wind so shook the leaf that the spider was glad to dart under the water.

“Wait a little,” said the plant.

At last, one morning, you might have seen a queer green ball bobbing about on the water beside the broad leaves.

“Oh! ho!” laughed the saucy spider; “is that your blossom?”

Now, the little plant felt very much hurt at what the spider had said.

She had hoped he would be silent when her buds came.

The sun was sorry too, and he kissed the plant until even the green bud began to blush with joy.

The trees whispered some-

thing to her, and the wind  
rocked her tenderly on a  
shining wave.

Next morning there  
bloomed upon the lake the  
most beautiful flower earth  
ever saw.

It was waxy white, with  
a great golden, yellow, glow-  
ing heart.

It was the patient seed's  
lovely crown.

You have worked in dark  
and cold and sorrow, sang

the Summer Wind; no wonder God gives you a crown of glory.

Then the little plant smiled up at the wind, and sun, and sky, and was happy.

But the ugly water spider was nowhere to be found.

Jack, on his way to school, saw the lily, but he was an odd little boy and very thoughtful.

“I guess I’ll leave the

pond-lily there,” said Jack;  
“she looks so happy, and  
Nell tore the last one I  
gave her all to pieces.”





### **THE WILD ROSE.**

Hark! these rustling  
leaves are telling a story  
of Wild Rose.

A wood fairy once turned  
herself into a flower.

She turned her gauze into silky pink petals, and her crown into a yellow center.

She hid herself in a woodland path and waited for a butterfly she knew, and hoped to be happier than she had ever been.

A wood sparrow came and sang his "De, de, de," to her a long time.

Then he spoke. "Why did you not stay a fairy?" said the sparrow.




“I wanted to be seen,” said the rose, blushing crimson. “The children and the butterflies can not see fairies.”

“I thought I saw a tear in your eye,” said the wood sparrow.

“That is because I can never be a fairy again,” said the rose; “but I am content.”

“How can you be content to sit there quietly all



day long?" said the sparrow;  
"you were wont to fly  
everywhere."

"Maybe I can do more  
good this way," said the rose.

As she spoke she sighed,  
and sent out such a sweet  
odor that the children  
found her and shouted with  
joy.

They took her pink blossom and carried it away  
over the hills to where a  
little sick girl was lying  
in a shaded room.

There little rose lived in a vase of water until the little girl's cheeks grew pink as the rose herself.

Then the rose dropped her petals and changed into—oh! i must not tell you into what, but it was something very beautiful.



### WHERE THEY GROW.

“Down in the valley, deep, deep, deep,  
Where the little sunbeams wink and  
    peep,  
Under the grasses hiding low, -  
There’s where the dear little violets  
    grow.

Out in the meadow, bright, bright,  
    bright,  
Close by the clovers red and white  
With a heart of gold and a fringe of  
    snow,  
There’s where the dear little daisies  
    grow.

Up in the sycamore tree, tree, tree,  
Peep and a tiny nest you’ll see,  
Swung by the breezes to and fro,  
There’s where the dear little birdies  
    grow.”

—*Bryant.*



**TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN.**

Thou blossom bright with morning dew,  
And covered with the heaven's own blue,  
That openest, when the quiet light  
Succeeds the keen and frosty night.

Thou comest not when violets lean  
O'er wandering brooks and springs un-  
seen,  
Or columbines in purple dressed,  
Nod o'er the ground-bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,  
When woods are bare, and birds are  
flown,  
And frosts and shortening days portend  
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye  
Look through its fringes to the sky,  
Blue — blue — as if that sky let fall  
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see  
The hour of death draw near to me,  
Hope, blossoming within my heart.  
May look to heaven as I depart.

— *Bryant.*





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ase, Annie  
Some of our flower friends.

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